YEEPER

Pen sat on the couch staring at the small television blankly. He really wasn't paying much attention to what was on. He just needed to look occupied, Pen didn't want his roommate, Eraser to notice him. Unfortunately, Eraser saw Pen looking depressed at the TV in plain sight. Eraser already knew what his best friend was going through. Pen had recently broke up with his girlfriend, Pencil. They had been dating for years.Ever since they were both in the 8th grade. Even after all of those years, Pencil decided she had enough of the relationship and she left Pen. Despite the break up, they both agreed they still wanted to be friends. However, they haven't talked to each other for days. Pen let out a sigh and turned off the television, and then slouched deeply in the couch.

"Hey Pen, are you doing alright?" Eraser asked, concerned because of Pen's moping.

'shit...' Pen whispered under his breath. Pen fixed his posture, looked up at his friend and gave him a false smile, "I'm doing fine, Eraser."

Eraser smirked and tilted his head, "Pen, I know that face from a mile away."

Pen's fake expression washed off, "Sorry."

"It's alright, Pen. I understand you're going through some things at the moment." Eraser sat down next to his friend.

"You know, I'm starting to regret telling you about my break-up, Eraser." Pen crossed his arms. Eraser raised his eyebrow and crossed his arms similarly to his friend.

"I would have learned sooner or later, Pen. It was good you told me now." Eraser put his hand on Pen's shoulder. "You have a point." Pen shrugged Eraser's hand off. Pen stared at the floor quietly.

"Look, What Pencil did to you really wasn't cool at all... And I really feel sorry for you. But Pencil moved on from you, and you should too..." Eraser tried to give advice to Pen, but that statement made Pen slightly more on edge.

"Pen, uuhhh, I'm sorry. Do you think there's something I could do to make you feel better about this situation?" Eraser asked.

"If you c-can somehow get me and Pencil back together, then I doubt it..." Pen laughed weakly. He looked to the ceiling, trying not to tear up.

"...Sorry, Pen. I didn't mean to get you emotional." Eraser said, rubbing Pen's back.

"N-no, it's fine...thanks Eraser." Pen got up from the seat.

"You're welcome, Pen." Eraser got up as well to face his friend. Eraser was much shorter than Pen, he had to look up to make eye contact with him. Pen then quickly spread his arms and gave Eraser a hug.

"Oh, Pen. This is not really something you would do to me." Eraser laughed.

"Sorry... I just want to right now..." Pen said quietly. He kept his arms tight around his best friend. Pen's eyes were closed. Without even thinking, Pen's hands went up Erasers shirt. Eraser's eyes widened as he felt Pen's hands on his back.

"Pen???" Eraser said, a little shocked. Pen snapped his eyes open and let go of Eraser quickly.

"Oh shit ERASER, I'm sorry!" Pen blushed. "I'm just so used to doing that with Pencil that I did it to you oh my gosh."

"Pen, it's alright... stop worrying so much." Eraser interrupted Pen's rambling.

"...I'll just go to my room..." Pen said quietly. Eraser nodded. Pen walked to his room and shut himself inside.
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Pen's room was a bit of a mess ("a bit" is kind of an understatement) The floor is scattered with tons of old photos of him with Pencil from back when they were still dating, Some of them were ripped or crumbled up. Other than that, some of his clothes were all over the floor and his bed, and some were badly stuffed in his drawer. A lot of empty water bottles were on his counters,and also other bottles from different drinks. Pen layed down on his bed as if he was a dead body, and one of his old photos in his hands, the photo was slightly destroyed. Pen stared at the photo with tired eyes. The photo shows him and Pencil when they were in high school, holding hands and talking fondly to each other, it seemed the two had no idea the camera was pointing at them. Pen remembered the exact moment when the photo was taken. Pencil's best friend, Match was holding the camera, giggling at the two. He remembered Pencil and him being a little frustrated and embarrassed at Match for taking the photo, but the two eventually forgave her. That moment really stuck in his mind. Pen wanted to destroy the photo, but the memory stopped him from doing so. He tossed the photo on the floor and buried his face in his pillow.

"Hey, Pen!" Eraser called out, "I'm inviting Blocky over to work on a project."

Eraser walked into Pen's room, "Do you think I can borrow some of your..."

Eraser's words trailed off when he saw Pen laying down in his bed, with the hundreds of photos all over his floor. Eraser was on his phone calling one of his friends, Blocky. Eraser stayed dead silent while looking around the room.

"Uhhh... Blocky... I'll call you back later..." Eraser said quietly. He hung up and stood besides Pen's bed. "Pen... wake up, you're a mess." he laughed.

"You think I don't already know that?" Pen mumbled in his pillow. Eraser slowly shook his head.

"Pen, you seriously gotta pick up all these pictures off the floor."

"I can't... it makes me feel bad." said Pen.

"It's gonna make you feel even more worse if you keep them on the floor. Come on Pen, I'm gonna help you out." Eraser scooped up a handful of pictures. After a few seconds of studying the photos, Eraser realised why he wouldn't pick them up.

"Uhh... sorry Pen." Eraser put the photos into the box that Pen used to store his pictures.

"It's alright." Pen stood up from his bed.

"Come on, Pen. I'm not cleaning up the mess you made." Eraser egged on.

"Fiiiine..." Pen got up from the bed and gathered a bunch of pictures.

"What do I do with the... ripped ones?" Eraser asked. Pen sighed and took one of the ripped photos. "I don't know...throw them in the trash?"

"Alright, Pen..." Said Eraser.

The two picked up the photos in an awkward, yet comfortable silence. After all the pictures were back in the box, Pen looked at Eraser silently.

"Uhh... Eraser?" Pen said while holding the box, "Can you... get these photos out of my face?"

Eraser chuckled, "Alright, alright, Pen." Pen handed Eraser the box, Eraser then left the room. He decided to put the box deep in his closet, which is a place he knew he would forget.

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"Alright Pen, I put them away." Eraser announced. "Thanks Eraser." Pen sighed. Pen sat at the side of his bed looking at his friend.

"Anything for you, man." Eraser smiled. Eraser walked over and sat next to Pen, putting his hand on his shoulder.

"You know, even though I lost her, I know you're always gonna be there for me." Pen scratched the back of his neck, "Eheheh, sorry if

that sounds gay, but, that's what I feel."

"Pen, we've been best friends for years, Of course! I'll be there for every step of the way." Eraser patted his back.
"Haha! Eraser! God we're so cheesy sometimes." Pen laughed.

"I'll be there for you at aaaallll times Peeeennn...." Eraser teased, "When you're sleeping, I'LL BE THERE! When you're awake, I'LL BE THERE!"

"HhhhAAh!!! Eraser stop this you're too much sometimes..." Pen put his palm on his face, "I'm so happy we're friends."

"Oh... you're just happy?" Eraser raised his eyebrow.

"Fine, I'm absolutely overjoyed to be your friend." Pen rolled his eyes.

"That's much better." Eraser smiled.

After that small banter, the two looked at each other silently. The silence was peaceful, and comfortable. Pen was staring deeply at his friend, as if he was trying to count every shade in Eraser's eyes. Pen let out a long sigh.

"Uhh... Pen?" Eraser ruined the silence.

"Ah- Eraser... sorry. I uhm, was... just." Pen stuttered and broke eye contact with Eraser.

"Pen, stop worrying so much!" Eraser smiled.

"Sorry, damn..." Pen said under his breath.

"By the way... I'm supposed to be working on a project with Blocky for his Funny Doings channel," Eraser started a different conversation. "And I really need some of your stuff... Like the markers."

"Eraser, I can't give you my marker set, I paid good money on them, and you know how Blocky is with stuff like those..."

"Yeah, I guess you're right..."

"Wait you're not gonna fight me on this?" Pen asked surprised.

"Not today..." Eraser winked, he got up from Pen's bed. He grabbed his phone and left the room.

From outside Pen's room, he heard Eraser call up Blocky to tell him about the markers.

Hours later

Pen was back in the living room on the couch, looking at Eraser and Blocky playfully argue about the project they were doing at the table.

"Blocky, we can't do that to Icy. It sounds illegal." Eraser commented.

"Alright, you have a point. BUT! What if we slightly toned down the doing... and mayyyybe add something new???" Blocky said.

"Blocky, if you're gonna do something bad to someone, can it maybe not be a woman???" Eraser asked.

"Come on... it'll be funny if it was a girl!" Blocky smiled.

"Blocky, you have some really weird fetish stuff going on with this 'Funny Doings' site..." Pen laughed from across the living room.

"Shut up, Pen." Blocky snapped "I would do something less risky if you would of just let me use your markers."

"Blocky, like I said, they're expensive. I had to save up for months to get them," Pen informed. "I wouldn't trust anyone to have them but myself."

"Not even, Pencil? Who is basically a better artist than you in every way???"

"Blocky..." Eraser glared at his friend, Blocky looked confused for a second but then immediately had a moment of realization. "Shit, sorry." Blocky looked down in regret.

"That's fine... I'm sort of over it..." Pen shrugged. But, in reality, Pen kept the current situation in the back in his mind for days, and no

amount of jokes or pep-talks were going to change that.

"I wouldn't exactly compLETELY forget about her..." Blocky said, "Pencil seems like one of those... on and off relationship kind of girls."

"I knew Pencil longer than you, Blocky," Pen scoffed. "She's one of those, leads you on for years and then breaks up with you when she gets bored types of girls..." Pen let out a painful laugh. Blocky and Eraser didn't find it funny.
"I'm gonna go drink the thought away..." Pen said weakly as he walked over to the kitchen fridge.

"pEN!!!" Eraser ran up to Pen and closed the fridge shut. "Eraser, I'm joking!" Pen laughed. "I hope to god you are." Eraser squinted at Pen.

"Aww, it looks like Eraser cares for Pen's well-being. That's soooo cute." Blocky said, a hint of sarcasm was in his tone.

"No he doesn't he just doesn't want me to waste the drink he bought." Pen smiled.

"It costed around 40 dollars, who wouldn't hate for someone to waste it???" Eraser admitted.

He saw Pen raise his eyebrow.

"Pen,this doesn't mean I wouldn't care if you intoxicated yourself."

"Come on, its sort of fun when other people were like that!" Blocky laughed

"BloCKY." Eraser glared at Blocky at the table, Blocky put on a smug grin.

"God, Blocky. You're so weird..." Eraser said.

"Oh, and Eraser, you're not?" Blocky tilted his head at Eraser.

"What do you mean?" Eraser asked apprehensively, most likely not going to enjoy what Blocky has to say.

"You know what I'm talking about, PINK!" Blocky called out.

"Oh my god, Blocky. You're still making fun of me for that?" Eraser covered his face and sighed.

"Why don't you wear something that has a different color, huh?" Blocky poked at Eraser's clothes.

"I thought you would have been used to it by now." Pen said.

"Yeah, Blocky. It's been a part of my image for years." Eraser said.

"I did get used to it, idiots. That doesn't mean it's still weird." Blocky rolled his eyes.

"It's not weird, Blocky. Plus, the color fits him very well." Pen complimented Eraser.
"You think so???" Eraser smiled.

"Of course, Eraser." Pen said. He smiled back. Blocky looked disgusted at them both.*

"Oh my GOD." Blocky yelled out. Eraser and Pen turned their heads.

"Blocky, what is it now?" Eraser asked.

"LOOK AT YOU TWO," Blocky pointed at his friends.

"What???"

"Both of you are GAY for eachother, I tell you." Blocky gave them a giant smile. Pen's eyes widened and he took a step away from Eraser.

"BloCKY! No we are NOT." Pen glared at Blocky.

"GAY." Blocky repeated.

"Oh my god, do you even know how many times we've got that?" Eraser asked.

"Way too many to count." Pen crossed his arms.

"And do you think WHY people have been saying that to you guys???" Blocky waggled his eyebrows. Eraser's face turned red.

"Blocky, I think it's time for you to leave now..." Eraser said quietly, trying to not let his emotions get the best of him.

"Oh alright! Gladly," Blocky made a horribly evil smile. "I'll leave ya'll two alooooone."

"blOCKY." Pen choked.

"I'm going, I'm going!"

(I wanted to write more, but I forgot what)